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MY LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In Esfirth a maiden dwells,
My heart's desire,
Her hair is gold, her eyes blue glass
Of love and sweet.
I know so well how shyly sweet
Her life she meets,
I know just how in home or street
Kind eyes she grieves.

High walls back her house for warden,
But behind it
Is a deep old fragrant garden;
Those who find it
Say there never grew such roses
Or such grand trees,
Oft I dream when calm day closes
There walks Elise.

Oft she watches from her home
The evening star,
Dreaming how it shines in Rome
Or realms more far.
But her dreams come never, never
Hither to me,
Though I think of her forever
Naught knoweth she.

Once a stranger stopped to rest
With me on hour,
Drew her picture from his breast—
O, Love's sweet power
Bound me then forever fast!
Dear eyes and hair,
Dear winsome face at last
Shining on me there!

Only the rare lovely face,
Only a word,
And here in this far-off place
My heart is stirred.
She, where Esfirth frowns high,
Never can know;
Love knows more than I
Why this is so!

MARY'S TRIAL

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. DENISON.

It was her only consolation—reading that letter on her knees—out of burning eyes from which tears fell. She had reached the last page.

"So good-by, my darling, and remember, if I fall, I have bequeathed you to my country. All I fear is, that being such a tender little nursing, you will not have the courage to seek for aid in any extremity. I am almost sorry you and your mother came to New York. It is not a good place for poor people; but I hope the little sum I sent you will be well managed. Keep up heart, my dear; in whatever circumstance you are placed stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate. God helping me I have tried to leave an honest name. But why should I hint at fear? Surely, surely if I am taken from you in some good way you will be kept from want. Pray for me, Mary, in a few hours I shall be in the thick of the fight."

How often had she read that letter! It comforted her sick mother so to hear it! Sobbing, and with dry eyes, now pressing her palms upon a burning forehead, that young stranger alone in an untried place.

"Yes, the money had been well managed; but God knows with bitter tears. It had paid for the long illness of that fragile figure lying there in the shadow of the room, in the darker shadow of death. And there was quite enough for the funeral expenses, quite enough, but it would take the uttermost farthing, and how should she pay for the two weeks' rent?

"If they had only been in kinder hands," she cried out, rising and leaning against the window that overlooked a dismal court, where the rain dripped from the houses, and the gutter streamed with mire, thinned by the storm; but this Mrs. Carboy—this horrible landlady with her horrible, sneering smile, and her keen black eyes that stabbed the girl at a glance and left her strengthless.

"My God, my God! hast thou forsaken me?"

The cry was full of anguish wrought of extreme fear and gloomiest foreboding. That cruel paragraph, a week before, had stunned her for a time, deadened feeling, left her an automaton with only strength enough to wait on the failing wants of her mother. To-day she was fartherless, and that hand stretched out, attired by menial hands for the grave, was all that was left of her mother.

"O! what shall I do? where shall I go?" cried his mother. "I never!"

Who cared? and Jim cut his bread daily on the table cloth. "I say who cares?" And I'd like to see her put upon, that's all."

"And I'd like to see her pay the rent," sniffed Mrs. Carboy.

"I'll pay the rent—don't you worry, old woman."

A faint shriek stopped the progress of Nancy Carboy's bread and butter.

"Don't choke, Nancy," growled Jim Carboy, "or you'll spoil a respectable bride-maid."

"You don't mean," gasped his mother, putting down her knife and fork, pushing herself back, staring aghast.



GATHERING COCHINEAL IN ALGERIA.

Every one knows that the little insect called the cochineal furnishes, when its body has been dried and reduced to powder, a coloring matter of a beautiful red, peculiar to itself. This circumstance has saved the cochineal from the persecution to which so many other kinds of insects have been devoted by the hand of man. In hot climates, in which the cochineal insect delights, it has been preserved, and is cultivated as an article of commerce. This is how the cochineal is reared in Mexico:—An open piece of land is chosen, protected against the west wind, and of about one or two acres in extent. This is surrounded with a hedge of reeds, planted in lines, distant from each other about a yard, with cuttings of cactus at most about two feet apart. The cactus grows, the next thing is to establish it in cochineal. With this object in view they are sought in the woods, or else the

females of the cochineal insect which are gravid are taken off plants which have been sheltered during the winter, and placed in boxes, in nests made of coco-nut fibers, or in little plaited baskets made of the leaves of the dwarf palm, and hung on the prickles of the cactus. These are very soon covered with young larva. The only thing now required to be done is to shelter them from wind and rain.

The larva are changed into perfect insects, which take up their abode permanently on the branches of the cacti, as our engraving represents. The Mexicans gather them as soon as they have reached the perfect state. The harvest cannot be difficult, considering the immobility of these little creatures. When collected, the cochineals are killed, packed in wooden boxes, and sent to Europe, to be used in dyeing.

The circumstances attending the birth of

the cochineal insect are very curious. The larva are born in the dried-up body of their dead mother, the skeleton of their mother serving them as a cradle. This happens thus:—The eggs are attached to the lower part of the mother's body. When the abdomen of the mother is empty, the lower side draws up towards the upper side, and the two together form a pretty large cavity. When the mother dies, which is not long in happening, her abdomen draws up, her skin becomes horny, and forms a sort of shell. It is in this membranous cradle that the larva of the cochineal insect are born. The cochineal insect in its wild state lives in the woods. But it can without difficulty be reared artificially. In 1853, in the province of Algiers alone, there were fourteen palmeries, or cactus gardens, containing 61,500 plants, although the insects were first introduced into Algeria, as late as 1851.

"Mrs. Carboy!" cried Mary, choking, "haven't I given up almost all the furniture?"

"Worth nothing! just worth nothing; wouldn't bring five dollars at auction—the whole on it. Besides, you're going into rage, anybody can see. You don't look respectable."

"Because I've sold everything to pay you," moaned the poor girl.

"Come, no, I won't have that. No impudence. Do'st you accuse me of making you disreputable. I've did my best by you. Jim off-red to have ye—and he's have took care of you, handsome. You'd a lived like a lady; and his poor mother'd been in the background. Well, you heard—I want the room—to-night."

"Oh! my God!" gasped Mary; "will you turn me into the street?"

"Ob! you'll find a home, with your face. As for me, I've been shilly-shallying long enough; I'm done with it, I tell you I want my room."

Jim moaned and shivered.

"Go—go—you wicked woman," she cried, grown desperate; and the hard-hearted creature started back, frightened by the glint in the girl's hungry gray eyes.

"This very night—remember!" she threatened as she left.

Mary shut the door. When she turned to the light, a hard, almost evil expression set

upon the gaunt face. She stood still a moment, staring at vacancy—her hands coming slowly together, clasping, the veins showing rigid and blue; then she drew her breath hard, and her hands fell at her sides.

"Hiss"—the sound coming from between set teeth—picking at the scant folds of her gown; "yes, she saw them coming. They have come—one only I've purchased, and patched. And now I'm not fit to go on the streets—no—nothing; absolutely not decent. Who would do anything for me—a beggar? Why I have to leave money when I take work at a new place—where's my money? I've sold everything that could be pawned. I've pawned everything that could be sold. I've pawned everything that could be pawned. I've no friends—they hate me here—hate me!" with a fierce gesture—"because I'm not one of them. And I can't be; oh! God, I cannot be;" the cry ended in a miserable wail, sobbing, and hysterical.

"And my father died for his country," laughing hollowly—ending with a sob more violent than the others.

"Oh! father—father! if you could see me now! your Mary—your little Mary, you loved and fondled so! ragged, cold, hungry, homeless; oh! father! father! father!" She threw herself on her knees, bending to and fro in absolute agony. Suddenly she dashed the tears away—her face grew like stone.

"Yes, I will—I will! God punishes me. He sees to what extremities I am reduced. I

will! To be there!—to feel father's arms about me—to lay my head on mother's bosom—out the grave is not cold, not cruel; only human hearts are bold"—fishting and groping forward like one blind. "I remember I put it here"—fumbling in the closet, "never thinking of this! Yes, here it is!" and again the low laugh of innocent delirium rang out. She lifted the vial. It looked blood red in the wan light. "They'll find me gone"—laughing again—but they won't dare put me in the street then. No, no."

The little vial was labelled "Laudanum." There was enough to send the chill of death through those shuddering veins. The cork was in her hand—the vial approaching her lips. At that second, something which had been placed upon a corner of the shelf, stirred by some sudden jar, fell. The book, for it was that, remained open, and her father's letter, that had slipped from between the pages, showing only the words in his bold handwriting, "My Dear Daughter," rustled at her feet.

That saved her—for a moment she saw his honest, handsome face troubled with disquiet and horror. Following the impulse that rushed over her soul, she dashed the bottle to the floor, fell upon the table near which she stood, whilst the coffin of her dead mother had hallowed, and wept bitterly.

An hour after that she was calm again. She had read the letter of that dear father—he had wept over the words,

"In whatever circumstances you are placed, stand by the principles I have inculcated to insinuate."

And one of these was, trust in God. Dark as the path seemed before her, she was sure that she never should waver again.

The poor bonnet was tied on—it was empty of flowers, no lace—no tiers of soft, costly ribbon shaded it—all that had been stripped off, and it was very shabby. So was the shawl, long since given up as wearing apparel, but it must do now. Gloves she had none—shoes, I had almost said she had none. They were scarcely worthy of the name, those thin, frayed things—only held together here and there.

"And he died for his country?"

The bitter thought would come. She went first to the house of the minister who prayed at her mother's funeral. He had said he would come again—would find some kind heart that would interest itself in the soldier's orphan. But he never came. Likely he had forgotten, and she had shrunk from applying to him.

A stout servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Philips in?" timidly folding the miserable shawl over her cold hands.

"Mr. Philips, child—why he's been dead this three months or more. Got the fever tending to some low master. He always would—and seeing the girl stepped back, she shut the door in her face and hurried away.

It was dark. Mary walked on, sick at heart, shivering with the intense cold. The night streaming along the wet pavements seemed to mock her.

"Is there any lodging house where I can sleep for a few pennies?"

The night watchman turned sharply.

"You—" The words were cut short at one glance.

"I've to home, sir."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't any!"

"Humph!"

"I'm very cold. I'd go anywhere to get warm." Her teeth chattered.

Still he was suspicious.

"Do to look into this case a little, though," he muttered. "There's a cellar on Mulberry street. It's late, or I'd—go here—with a sudden thought—come to the station-house, no—tomorrow. I'll have a little talk with you, and if you're honest—"

Mary broke from him, wild with pain, freezing at the implication. She walked many squares—not cold now. Oh! no, very warm, glowing even, and if her teeth chattered, it was not the cold—no, not the cold.

Somebody guided her to Mulberry street, a wicked, ragged rascal, mocking her as he spoke. She found it, ran down the rough steps, risking her neck, they were so slippery, entering the foul den, where all along were holes in the wall, and matted hair and dirty rags hung over or showed black above the foul covering.

"You have a bed?"

The woman, big though she was, a vicious, stony-hearted, sour-faced vixen, yet full some twinge of pity as she met the big, hard eyes.

"Can't I sit up?" asked Mary. "I only want to get out of the cold and rain."

"Well, you might do better than this, I think. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I don't think you was fifteen. Lord! you might do better than this."

"I couldn't get work—they thrust me on the street."

"Work!" The woman laughed a low, wicked laugh. "Well, down with you—there's a bed."

They came streaming in. Heavens! what a crew, unshaved, unshorn, the very brand of hell on their faces. Women who had lost all outward semblance of womanliness, beggars with wailing children suffering under tortures inflicted for the sole purpose of wringing money out of the passer-by, young girls stamped with crime, laughing, shouting, blaspheming.

And Mary sat there in a dull stupor, regarding this reeking mass troop by her—now

shivering, now burning, and yet never go her hold on the mercy of God.

The proprietor of the place came up again. Something in Mary's aspect moved her.

"Be you hungry, child?" she asked.

"I don't know; I thought I was before I came out—I haven't eat anything to-day."

Whether for good or evil let God judge, but the woman was prompted to help this forlorn child.

"Come out here," she said; "lawn! how hot your hand is!" and she led her through the filthy atmosphere to where a green bazaar door swung back at her touch, revealing a room with some pretensions to comfort.

"You see I was eating myself. There! drink that," pouring out some tea, and shuddering at the timid gratitude in Mary's eyes; "and after you've eat somet' there's a better bed for ye. I see you ain't used to this sort."

A moment after the night-watchman passed this done, and peered down.

"I tell you what, wife," he said the next day, "I saw a girl I'd a mind to take home last night, poor thing."

"From the street?"

"Yes, there was something in her eyes that haunted me—why I had."

"Well I don't—tharish knows just how to work on a man's sympathy. Couldn't on mine."

"But she warn't that sort, I'd take my oath. Great God! if it had been our Alice!"

"Don't speak of her in the same breath with a tramp, George," said his wife, angrily.

Morning came, and the mass of corruption began to stir in the den in Mulberry street. The proprietor was up betimes, and took a look at the strange girl she had befriended.

"Is the girl dead?" she muttered.

Very like death was the motionless figure; very like. Not a tinge of color on the quiet face, dying even out of the lips. She slept so soundly, too.

"She's not dead. I'm glad of that, poor thing!" with a low laugh of satisfaction; "because she'd a been on my hands, and it's bad enough to have 'em the other way with the life in 'em. But a body has to get a living, and where else would they go?"

"Hah," and she touched her on the arm, shook her heavily. The girl opened her eyes as if with an effort.

"Come, it's time you was up; they're all gone."

Mary stared.

"You won't let them take the letter?"

"What letter?"

"Father's letter; he died for his country, you know."

"Oh! why no—but seems to me"—with another shake, "you're out o' head."

"I'll get up—I'll—" She lifted herself, then fell helplessly back.

"Here's a ease," muttered the woman, "Sick on my hands. That comes o' bein' tender-like, gets 'out' o' the way to be kind. Never did it in my life, but I got paid this 'ere way. 'John!' to a black boy skulking in the den, shaking up the wretched beds.

"Mum?"

"Go to the gov'ner and tell him there's a girl for the hospital here, and she must go straight. You hear?"

"Yes'm." And off went the boy.

An hour later and more Mary lay in the hospital-ward, nursed by gentle hands.

"You would come, mother," said the doctor, a grave young man in spectacles as he escorted a middle-aged woman through the wards.

"Upon my word, John, I didn't think it would be such a miserable strain upon my sympathies."

"I told you so."

"But what sweet face is that, eh?" holding her glasses up.

"A girl, only seventeen, I think." The doctor looked at her professionally.

"Dangerous?"

"Her days are numbered."

"O! John!" the gold-rimmed glasses grew dim; "the pretty, pretty creature!" in a husky, awestruck voice.

"Yes, both pretty and good. See, here is something they found on her."

Mrs. Wrenham took the letter to a window opposite. When John went over there she could not speak, but her handkerchief was busy, very busy, and very wet. The gold eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"O! John—I—it's shameful!—why—you read this?" speaking with difficulty.

"I did," his voice a shade graver.

"The poor, suffering child, John!"

"Well, madam?"

"You're—not—not going to let that girl—die—cheekily."

"How can help it?"

"She must not die—John—I—I believe I shall feel hard towards you if she does. Her youth—her strength must carry her through. Ah! the poor man—dead, of course—and such a beautiful letter! John, I tell you what! the country that he died for may not care for her—but—so sure as she lives—I will; do you hear, John?"

"Yes, madam, that from you is as good as an oath."

"And—you—you'll try your best."

"All that human skill can do shall be tried in her case."

"You're—so—so ardent, John!" and the handkerchief went to work again. She did not see the sudden look of intense pain that crossed the face of her reticent doctor.

And youth and strength did triumph. Mary was convalescing—not in the hospital ward, but in the beautiful, sunny room, where birds and flowers brightened the windows. They had taken her there as soon as she could bear the change. And the grave young doctor seemed to like it, though he had hardly seconded his mother's wish.

"O! if I had lost trust in God again!" Mary shuddered as she told her sad little story.

"You would never have been my daughter," said a soft voice, and a kiss fell on her forehead.

There were years of study and preparation first, but Mary sits in her own home today, the treasured wife of Dr. Wrenham.

THE WHALE FISHERY.—Year by year this industry is declining in this country. The catch was small for 1870, and prices for oil and whalebone have been depressed. Whale and sperm oils have now to compete with petroleum and Cotton Seed oil.

The strongest vegetable fibre known is said to be that of New Zealand flax. It has sword-like leaves, ten or twelve feet in length. It is used by the settlers for binding their seafarers, fastening their gates, tying up their horses, and in almost every possible way.

Admiral has visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. He was received in a very friendly manner.

Going to India for a Rich Husband.

One of the most attractive girls I ever knew was Louisa Bellamy. And for a short while I saw a good deal of her, for she went out to Bombay in the "Bengal," East Indies, of which ship I was then chief officer. Her family and mine were old friends, so that she and I were not strangers. The Bellamys were well-connected, but very poor—taking into consideration the position, to which they of right belonged, and their large family—two sons and eight daughters. Louisa was the youngest of all.

The boys entered the East India Company's service, and had been fortunate. Charles, the eldest, especially so. Circumstances helped him to his majority very early, and he had married a rich girl soon after his arrival in India. From thenceforward he had lived in first-rate style, and helped his family. Every one of his sisters had been sent to him successively, and he had contrived to find a good "party" for each. All had married well, and most of them were settled in India.

Louisa's turn was the last to come. Like her sisters she was shrewd and clever, well able to take care of herself and to make the most of opportunities. From her earliest childhood she had been trained to look upon a good marriage—that is, a wealthy one—as "a young lady's chief end and aim in life," and that this end was only to be attained by going out to India. Ever since she could remember, her home had seemed to be in a chronic state of excitement and tumult consequent on the successive gettings-off of her elder sisters for the land of promise. After each departure her mother had suffered under a continued attack of fits and anxiety until the news came to her of the longed-for desirable engagement. No wonder that a rich husband formed the mainstay in Louis Bellamy's creed. Her turn had come now. She was going to India to get married. And she meant to marry well.

Mrs. Bellamy kept up her admonitions to the last. "Louisa, mind; mind again and again;" she reiterated on the eve of the departure; "your sisters have all done well, but you will do better. You are by far the best-looking of them all, and have only to play your cards well. I think I need not caution you against falling in love with a poor man: love is very well in its way, but married poverty is awful. You have been reared to know this. Never, never make a fool of yourself in that manner."

Louisa quite laughed at the charge: in her case it sounded so utterly needless. "Never fear, mamma," were her parting words, spoken emphatically. "I know, I'll take care of myself. See if I don't make a position worth all theirs put together. Trust me for that." It shall not be far inferior to that of the wife of the Governor-general.

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" returned the happy mother. "You were always my favorite child, Louisa, and I have ever looked forward to your welfare in life."

Now Louis Bellamy dreamed of that last night, I cannot tell. Before falling asleep she lay for some time wrapt in visions of a palace, with hosts of black servants in and about. Carriages, horses, company, music, dancing, jewels, pomp and state; each held a place in the panorama. And in the midst of it all, she, herself, figured conspicuously, the reigning queen.

On the departure of the Bengal, we towed down to Gravesend, and anchored. Two days were spent there in getting ready for sea, and receiving the passengers with their piles of luggage. It was a fine morning in February when we started finally on our voyage. The wind was north-west, blowing a steady breeze. We soon had all sail set, and bounded along merrily down past the "Nore," and so on.

Going down Channel I saw but little of the passengers. A ship just leaving home, especially with a fresh crew, gives the off-flavor, and more particularly the chief, plenty of occupation. By the time we reached Madeira, things had got into good working order, and I had a little spare time. The weather was constantly fine: none of the passengers had been ill. They had had ample time to get intimate; which, as a rule, is what people quickly do when going a long voyage together. We carried about thirty, of which some two-thirds were ladies; one or two had children with them. They all seemed very nice, and we got on well.

Of the men passengers one in particular gained my liking, more than all the rest. Perhaps his name, George Armstrong, may have had something to do with the first attraction. It was that of an old school chum, who had died, with whom, as a boy, I had been very intimate. This George Armstrong was a frank, gentlemanly, handsome fellow, six feet high, with a pair of shoulders to match. His face, with its habitual good-tempered expression, was kindness itself; showing also good sense and ability. He had come out about third at the examination for a commission, and was now going out as lieutenant in the Engineers. A smart, pushing fellow, who would in time make a name for himself, if not knocked over by a cannon-ball. Many have been, mark you.

Home two months after leaving England we made the Cape. The weather was fine, and the ship put into Table Bay. Osteiously for water, tea, meat and vegetables; in reality to afford the passengers an opportunity of seeing the place and having a run shore.

They had great fun. I only wish I had been with them; but we had sprung a leak, and I had a little space time. The weather was constantly fine: none of the passengers had been ill. He seemed to be keeping to his determination, for he did not speak to her more than common civility demanded; and when in the cabin, always seated himself at a safe distance.

All this time Mr. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy seemed to go on as usual. He was constant and demonstrative in his attention. In fact, it was plain to every one on board how matters were with him. She, on the contrary, appeared as indifferent as ever, and treated him like a child. Sometimes I fancied this indifference was only a subterfuge; but, if so, it was cleverly done. Events, however, were bringing on a crisis.

Towards morning the weather changed.

The wind hauled into the south-east, and came on to blow. For two days we had a strong gale with a heavy cross sea, and the ship was knocked about a good deal. The passengers showed out very little. This was the first bad weather experienced, and many of them were quinshish and kept to their state-rooms. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy were among the few who could remain about, as usual. He seemed to be keeping to his determination, for he did not speak to her more than common civility demanded; and when in the cabin, always seated himself at a safe distance.

But this could not last. The ice in George Armstrong's bosom melted; his good resolves gave way. When fine weather returned, and the evening walks were resumed, he and Miss Bellamy were again promenading the poop-side by side. And, all this time, was she smitten? Not one bit, that I could detect; and I watched her closely. I felt sure that I had taken her true estimate: she was indeed a man against his will. But I'll cut the matter short from to-night."

I suppose you are right," he said, after a pause. "I have thought all along that she is my amusing heroine with me. I'm the man—and perhaps yourself also. I see it all plainly."

"Well, upon my word, I believe it is us, you say, old fellow," he acknowledged, coming round. "I can't help myself."

"Now, Armstrong, look here—take a fool's advice. Don't let the fancy go on. Get out of it while you can. Depend upon it, you will only be wasting your time and love upon her. She is a charming girl; I believe a truly good girl; but she knows how to take the best care of herself. She indulges off to India, as her sisters all did before her, to find a rich husband."

"You know her people, don't you?"

"Yes, I know them. And I know the crew they have brought her up in. Believe me, Armstrong, Louisa Bellamy will never look seriously on a poor man like you."

"I suppose you are right," he said, after a pause. "I have thought all along that she is my amusing heroine with me. I'm the man—and perhaps yourself also. I see it all plainly."

"Well, upon my word, I believe it is us, you say, old fellow," he acknowledged, coming round. "I can't help myself."

"Now, look here, Mr. W——, I think you need not mind about the stunsails. I'll alter the course a point at once; that ought to take us well clear. However, you can keep a sharp look-out just the same. We were a hundred and twenty miles, or so, off at noon; and, according to the rate we've been going at since, she ought to be up with the island between one and two o'clock."

We had left the Cape about ten days.

One evening, just at eight o'clock, I was relieved from watch. The stews had placed the usual grog and wine on the table, and I went into the cabin. The captain was seated in his state-room—the after one—a chart spread out before him. He called me in.

"You have the middle watch, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, at midnight when you come on deck, take all the stunsails in, and haul up a couple of points. Keep a good look-out for the island. It's very low, so the chances are that you'll not see anything of it."

"Very good, sir."

And I had just begun a game at chess in the cabin when the captain called me back again.

"Oh, look here, Mr. W——, I think you need not mind about the stunsails. I'll alter the course a point at once; that ought to take us well clear. However, you can keep a sharp look-out just the same. We were a hundred and twenty miles, or so, off at noon; and, according to the rate we've been going at since, she ought to be up with the island between one and two o'clock."

At midnight, when I relieved the second mate, the night was fine and tolerably clear. Clear enough overhead. But on the water there was a sort of light mist, and the rays of the moon, which was now about two hours high, were dazzling. The breeze had freshened, and we had quite enough of it for the small stunsails. I took my usual turn round the decks, cautioned the lookout-man, and returned to the poop.

About half-past one I reckoned up, mentally, that we must have about run the exact distance. "Down," I said to the third mate, "just go forward and see if the look-out is nodding: if so, give him a trill to remember you by. Stop on the forecastle yourself till I call you off, and keep a sharp look-out."

Away went Davis. I had my night-glasses with me; and, knowing that if we saw the land at all we should be very close to it, walked from side to side of the poop, looking anxiously around.

Suddenly, a couple of gulls shrieked overhead. "Surely!" thought I, "that's a warning, and I'll accept it." I hurried forward, determined to remain on the lookout myself. As I ascended the forecastle ladder, Davis was in the act of coming down, and met me.

"Is that you, sir? There's something ahead I can't quite make out. I was coming aft to tell you. It looks like a sort of cloud."

Pushing past him, I took one look. For a second or two, my heart seemed to turn quite cold and stand still. I felt half sick.

The next moment I was all right: the shock had been too heavy. We were right bang on the island!

There it was, scarcely a mile off. I could see the surf distinctly

with the glasses, and the ship was tearing along straight for it, about ten knots an hour!

We ought to have seen it sooner, but the glare of the moon rendered the horizon all round quite black-looking; whilst at the same time the rays on the water made the surf impossible to be distinguished at a distance.

"Hard down the helm. All hands on deck.

Let go the main-tack and bowline, man-sheets; back the main yard. Mr. Green,

take four hands with you and clear away the small life-boat; get into her and lower away as soon as you're ready. Jones, to a middy, "jump up into the mizzen-top and keep your eye on the man overboard."

"Well, Charles!"
"My dear Louisa! But how you've grown, and improved too? By George, you put your sisters into the shade!"

"I want to introduce a gentleman to you," she went on, beckoning Armstrong forward; "one of the passengers and a friend of mine; Mr. Armstrong. George, this is my brother Charles."

Charles Bellamy looked blank. There was no mistaking, as he feared, what this style of introduction meant. Ere he had held out his hand with some hesitation—and the frank, pleasant face of George Armstrong seemed to compel him to that advance, Louisa disappeared, saying she had her "things" to look after.

Major Bellamy looked round, and saw me. A warm grasp of the hand, and he pulled me aside. Our thoughts went back to the old days, and it almost seemed as though we were lad together again. We were at the same school—though he was a few years older than I.

"I say, Harry, what is the meaning of all this? Louisa speaks to that man as 'George,' and she coolly introduces me to him as 'my brother Charles!'"

"Well—I see you guess," was my hurried answer—for I had barely time to say a moment with him. "I think it is a case of Charles. I warned Armstrong against it; I said a word or two of warning to Louisa; but love and circumstances have been too strong for prudence."

My companion drew in his lips. "What is he? Poor, of course!"

"He's next to nothing, besides his pay: he's a little, lieutenant in the Engineers. But look here, Bellamy—he is a gentleman in the best sense of the word; and a downright good fellow: safe to get on. If Louisa were my sister, I'd give her to him with pleasure tomorrow."

"But—"
"I can't stay: we are about to bring up, and there's the pilot calling out for the chief officer. I'll come out to you, old friend, as soon as I can get ashore."

It came to pass, and very shortly: for Major Bellamy did not see his way clear to hold out against Louisa's will. And he had grown to like Armstrong. I was at the wedding; and we had a merry time.

The following formed part of Mrs. George Armstrong's first letter home after the ceremony:

"POONAH, July 27th.
"MY DEAREST MAMMA—We have been married three days, and are now at this place. I find it much pleasanter than Bombay. The latter, just now, is very disagreeable to live in. Always rainy and cold, or rainy and hot and muggy. Here the weather is lovely. I wish we were rich, that we might come home to see you; I know you would like George. He hopes to get promotion soon; and I am sure he will, for he is very clever and persevering. He desires his love to you; and he says if papa—but I'll leave a space at the end for him to write his own messages.

"All the girls have gone on at me in a most disgraceful manner for marrying him. Georgiana went into a passion over it; she said I had made a great fool of myself, and thrown myself away. They all talked no end of nonsense about a Mr. Stewart, saying I ought to have married him because he is immensely rich. Would you believe that he proposed to Charles for me when he had only seen me twice? Fancy it! He is an old man, quite forty, and his whiskers are turning gray. The idea of his wanting me! Riches may be very well, dear mamma, but his better. Oh, if you could but see George! He is worth—"

Mrs. Bellamy dashed down the letter with a groan. She had not patience to read further. Louisa's ideas had indeed undergone a change in a few months—and to her mother it was a cruel blow.

"The simpleton! the utter idiot!" said Mrs. Bellamy in her wrath. "To think that she should tie herself to a poor lieutenant in a marching regiment with nothing but his pay, when she might have done so well! I'll never forgive her; never."

H. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AD FIDEM; OR, PARISH EVIDENCES OF THE BIBLE. By Rev. E. F. BURN, D. D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. Books on Scriptural subjects multiply. The great conflict of religious opinions, which every candid mind must recognize, rages with increased rather than abated interest. New views, new arguments, new claims and new denials are so numerous in religious discussion, that we are ready to agree with the author of the present volume when he says "you can hardly make an assertion so trifling or so great but some one is ready to dispute or controvert it." Let the conflict go on—the freest and the furthest thought be spoken—we have no fear for the truth. Evil undoubtedly arises from this freedom of discussion, but greater evils from its attempted repression. In other days the sword was used to check it, but it failed in the end, and the world is almost ready to obey the Gospel injunction. "Put up thy sword!" so far as it is to be regarded as an ally of the church. Dr. Burn is a warm defender of the Christian Faith. His book is intended to lead the doubting to the old conclusion—there is nothing better than the simple faith of Scripture. The plan of the work is original, its execution admirable. Honest, earnest and charitable in his utterances, the writer is one whom it is good to hear, for it is such men who will from the confusion of present opinions evolve safe and practical beliefs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have the book for sale.

THE DESCENT OF MAN. By CHARLES DARWIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The second volume of a new edition of this remarkable work has been issued. Few books have ever created such a sensation in the scientific world. Mr. Darwin's views, at first condemned as false and absurd, are beginning to receive the respect which so extraordinary a system of doctrines could not at once command. Already are they not only extensively assented to, but they are leading the scientific mind to convictions which not long ago it scouted as impossible. A large number of the most intelligent of our race are preparing to make the serious if not sorrowful confession that their remote ancestors were monkeys. This may seem humiliating, but it is encouraging after all, for if monkeys grew to be men, may not men grow to be something better than they are at present? Seriously, the book is a declaration of the most remarkable doctrines that have ever been announced, and may prove more destructive to scientific and other dogmas than anything they have heretofore had to contend with. Meanwhile the work will be read by every one interested in the questions at issue. Claxton, Remsen & Hafslunger have it.

HARRY LORREQUER. By CHARLES LEVER. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is the third volume of a new and popular edition of the works of this genial and manly writer. Wit, humor, drollery and a hearty expression of good human feeling characterize the work.

SIGHTS A-FOOT. By WILKIE COOK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is the ninth volume of a new, cheap and popular edition of the works of this prolific author.

GUTENBERG AND THE ART OF PRINTING. By EMILY C. PEARSON. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. This volume is a memorial narrative of the life of Gutenberg, and is history of the art for which he did so much in bringing it to light and practice. It is his sufficient fame to have his memory consecrated with that wonderful art of printing which has become such a power in modern civilization. The book is full of interesting and valuable information, being not only what it implies, but a picture of the days when German thought began slowly, but gradually, to move the world. The work is illustrated, and attractive to both old and young. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have it.

WORKERS OF ENGRAVING. By GEORGE DUPLESSIS. New York: Chez Buttard & Co. This is a new book in Scribner's Library of Illustrated Works. The title of the work is enough to indicate its value and interest. Nothing better could be put into the hands of the young, while older readers could learn much from its pages—facts they never knew, but which lie around them buried and unburied, in either case unnoticed. Peter & Coates have the volume.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR APRIL. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. The contents of this number are up to the usual standard, though there seems to be no article of special prominence. "No Ring," a poem by Alice Cary, is interesting, aside from its merit, from the fact that it is the production of one whose earthly song has ceased.

SATURDAY EVENING POST. Philadelphia, Saturday, April 8, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-offices, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$35. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
519 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NEW STORY.

In THE POST next week we design commencing the publication of an original story by Margaret Hosmer, entitled

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

This story, which is a strange and interesting one, will be illustrated, and will run through three or four numbers of THE POST.

THE BRKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this company. It embraces the Non-Forfeiture feature, by which the failure to make a yearly payment when due does not at once vitiate the policy. One annual payment keeps you insured for 2 years, two annual payments for 4 years, three annual payments for 6 years, &c. The importance of Life Insurance as a means of securing the support of the family after the death of the father, cannot be overestimated.

E. C. We do not know the authors of the "Fountain of Tears," and "The City of the Dead."

FAR AND NEAR.

RICK MUSIC.—A million air.

A FRENCH CLIMB.—ascending the Alps.

THE SIAMESE TWINS. Have fifteen children.

NAVIGATION. On the large lakes has been renamed.

THE MAN MOST LOOKED UP TO.—The man in the moon.

AN IRISH WRITER.—congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

PHILADELPHIA. Has 450 churches, and is about to build another to make the number even.

AN AMERICAN SHIP. With a cargo of ivory and aloes from Muscat, Arabia, recently arrived at Boston.

JEW'S BILGE. Says:—"Rata originally came from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they had originally staid there."

TALIBES. Are becoming so bold and reckless in Lancaster, Pa., that they even steal chickens from the county prison yard.

SEVENTEEN PAIRS. Nine romancists, five historians, three ardent, and six members of the French Academy, occupy seats in the National Assembly of France.

A NEW YORK BANK. Has just paid a premium of one hundred thousand dollars for not making a return of the dividends as the government requires.

A BOX OF DRESS SAMPLES. Sent to a New Orleans merchant was not at the depot by an undertaker, and buried for the corpse of a man who was expecting by the same train.

THE WALTHAM WATCHES. There is not a single zoological garden in the United States, though in Europe almost every city, even of third-rate importance, has them.

LESS SNOW. Less snow fell at Hinsdale, N. H., during the past winter than for any previous winter since 1859. The amount was 33 inches.

AMBERTON. Has raised the salaries of its faculty fifteen per cent, the president now receiving \$3,500, and the professors \$2,500 each.

JAMES REED. Of Boston, with the weight of 104 years upon him, and the reputation of the oldest man in Boston to maintain, has applied for an 1812 pension.

COUNT VON BISMARCK. Has been elevated to the rank of Prince of the German Empire, and General Von Molts has been present at the Grand Cross of the order of the Iron Cross.

THE BEST LEAD PENCILS. Are made from a natural ore of plumbago obtained from Borrowdale, in Cumberland; but the more common sort, from an artificial compound of plumbago dust and antimony.

THE OTHER DAY. A Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned with the note appended: "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

A POOR AND AGED WOMAN. In Cincinnati has been made happy by the discovery that what she deemed an old and valueless bracelet, presented by her father years ago, has ten diamonds, each worth more than two hundred dollars.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE. Was fixed to a church door in Hertfordshire:—"This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this church yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are directed to apply to the parish clerk."

THE NEW YORK BATTERY. Is resuming its former beauty. Three thousand trees, transplanted from the overgrown portion of Central Park, have been added to the improvements, which include flower beds, fountains and bird houses.

MR. CONRAD POPPENHEISEN. The wealthy Long Islander, who, two years ago, erected a free educational institute at College Point, Long Island, finding that the Institute was running in debt, gave \$10,000 to the trustees a second donation of \$100,000.

A CONNECTICUT HOTEL-KEEPER. Has over the water-trough, opposite his hotel, a huge sign, with the following inscription:—

"Stop your horse and let him drink
Before you further go;
The water is better here, I think,
Than 'tis a mile below."

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK. Who is noted for her economical and simple habits, except the other day no little attention by driving in a plain calico dress in an open carriage through the streets of Copenhagen. The Queen is by far more popular than her royal husband.

MR. JAMES. Said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?" If the young lady didn't find that out during courtship, she deserves a smoking husband.

THE RICHMOND AND LOUISVILLE MEDICAL JOURNAL. States that the oldest practising physician in America is Dr. Theophilus Clark, of Tiverton, Vt. He is ninety-eight years of age, has been practising continuously sixty-six years, is hale and hearty, and has no thought of giving up business yet.

DUGLEYS JOURNAL. Records a case of spontaneous combustion of black silk occurring in a silk store in Paris, France, which took place in a package of black silk goods brought from the dye-house only 24 hours before the fire occurred. Other instances of spontaneous combustion of black silk have been recorded.

A DODGE. Reported now, is being tried by sharpers on the railroad. It is said that these fellows wear caps with a base on them resembling those worn by conductors, and on which the word "conductor" is stamped. Over the band is a short piece, which they draw back, and which exposes the title when they want to operate on their victims.

DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD. Of Derby, Conn., had a narrow and singular escape from drowning at his mill-race recently. He was thrown from a wagon into the current, swept by it under a swing gate, through a covered way about hundred feet, then under another swing gate and into the large wheel-house. Catching the moving buckets of the wheel, he was lifted some fifteen feet to a platform, which he grasped and landed safely.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR. His dinner service is the handsomest in this country. It was bought by his father, John Jacob Astor, and used by him during his residence in Paris and Switzerland. All the dishes, the plates, the fruit-stands, the *épergnes*, are of solid silver. The dessert plates are of Sevres china, embellished with portraits of the celebrated beauties of the Court of Louis XIV. By the will of Mr. Astor, this dinner service descended to his eldest son, and at the death of its present owner it must go to his son, John Jacob Jr., and then to the latter's son, and so on to the latest generation.

MISS FANNY. We do not know the authors of the "Fountain of Tears," and "The City of the Dead."

PORTLAND. Portland's losses by fire the past year were nearly \$77,000, the loss in excess of insurance being only about \$10,000.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MAINE. Having changed the measure of milk from wine to beer measure, the Kennebec Journal says that the milkmen will have to get their quarts enlarged and dig their wells deeper.

MR. WILLIAM CALL. Of Dresden, Maine, hung himself in that town lately. He was about ninety years of age. He had made a previous attempt on his life, alleging afterwards that he didn't want to die of old age.

INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.—For corns, easy shoes; for piles, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, tonic and water; for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

Every man who has anything to do requires a reliable time-keeper. A feeling of national pride leads all to prefer an American watch. But local dealers have for several years discouraged their customers from buying them—and for this reason only: A larger profit could be made on foreign watches, and the frequent repairs such watches required was a steady source of income to the watch-maker. Waltham watches have been year by year grown into favor with all who have worn them; they have proved not only reliable but economical, as repairs are seldom needed. They, like other standard articles, are sold at moderate prices, which afford the retailer but a small profit compared with that which can be made on other watches. But they require no urging. They sell themselves. Hence, wide-awake dealers make this up by keeping a full stock and selling a large number. Many dealers now divert their customers from the Waltham to other inferior watches, and, by disparaging the Waltham and recommending these comparatively unknown watches, they sell them for a higher price, and thus secure a larger profit. We understand that Waltham watches are turned to the retailer at prices which will enable him to sell them cheap and yet make a fair profit. Therefore, all intending to purchase, and who prefer an American watch, should insist on having their preferences respected.

THE MARKETS.

FLORIDA. 500 bales City Mills of \$7.50 each. City Mills 100 lbs. and 7000 lbs. in lots, at prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$8.50 per hundred; 500 lbs. \$6.50; 100 lbs. \$7.50; 50 lbs. \$8.50; 10 lbs.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bosky Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Inca," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES
on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

Cinnamon.

Cinnamon is the bark of a member of the laurel tribe, the *laurus cinnamomum* of Linnaeus. Like most of the species, cinnamon comes from islands of the Indian Ocean; Ceylon and Java being especially celebrated for its culture. Cinnamomum in Hebrew *kimmon*, is mentioned in the Old Testament, the Hebrews having most probably obtained it from the Arabians, who at an early period had commercial dealings with India. The bark prefers only ripe young branches of the cinnamon-tree. Shoots or branches much less than half an inch or more than two or three inches in diameter are not peeled. The operation is conducted by making two opposite longitudinal incisions along the bark, or if the branch be large, even more; then a knife-blade being thrust underneath the bark, the latter peels away. The bark is next set aside for twenty-four hours, when it is scraped on both sides. After a few hours, the smaller quills are inserted within the larger ones, and the whole collection sun-dried.

Unaccountable.

Will any one account to me for a phenomenon of daily, I may almost say hourly, occurrence—viz., the manner in which inanimate objects get themselves out of the way the moment there is demand for their services? This applies to everything. If I am going from home for a few days, my clothes seem to be aware of the intention, and hide themselves in places where they never were before; my papers—usually most regular in arrangement—of a sudden become topsy-turvy; a love-city gets into an Essay on chemistry, and a Christmas tale into the British Constitution. For the faculty of jumbling themselves together in inextricable confusion, however, on these occasions, and at the shortest moment, command me to the keys!—they beat all. The reasons you have just laid down may indeed be found in a book you have not opened for months; the rascal you snored with this morning in a drawer looked up last summer; and your gloves and card case have seized the opportunity of getting into the deepest corner of a parlour, so you can't intend spending till your journey's end days here. But all these are nothing to the keys; there too, a bunch stuck together in a manner that defies all attempts at separation.

Why, again, do two left-hand gloves always find their way into the pocket of my evening coat, and in the effort to accommodate myself to circumstances, cause me to appear as though I had parasites in the right? But I should like to know, why an individual—be it man or woman—with whom for ages I may not have corresponded, invariably is seized with a fit of writing to me at the same moment as I break silence to him or her, our two letters crossing each other with an exactness no penman could insure?—*English Writer.*

The Value of Pure Air.

The reports of the Registrar-General of England disclose some very startling facts in reference to the slow influence of different states of air in affecting length of life. If any one were to select from among the different occupations the healthiest men of a nation, he would probably choose the farmer and the butcher. Both are usually stout in frame and ready in complexion. Both are actively employed, have plenty of exercise and abundance of food. In one point their circumstances widely differ. The farmer breathes the pure air of the country; the butcher inhales the atmosphere of the shambles and the slaughter-house, tainted with putrefying animal affluvia. The result is an instructive lesson as to the value of pure air. These two classes, indeed, occupy nearly the extremes of the table of mortality. The farmer is the healthiest man on the list, while there is but one worse off than the butcher—the banker. Any one who knows how large a proportion of taverns are mere grog-shops, reeking with impurities and environed in filth, will not be surprised that the mortality among this class amounts to 28.84 in the thousand.

EDW A boot-sugar factory company at Rockwood, near Madison, Wis., raised last year one hundred and sixty acres of boots, with an average yield of ten to a pair; and so no running through about one ton of boots per hour, night and day.

PITILESS FATE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream was a bridge so slender.
And over the white there was scarlet light,
And over the scarlet a golden splendor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge,
Where the bees made honey and corn was growing,
And down that way through the gold and gray,
A gay young man in a boat was rowing.

I could see from the shore that a rose he wore,
Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the rarest,

And singing a song, and rowing along,
I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at morn
Made comb of honey—with breathing bated,

I saw by the stream (it was only a dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.

There were fair green leaves in her silken sleeves,

And loose her locks in the winds were blowing,

And she kissed to land with her milk-white hand.

The gay young man in the boat a rowing.

And all so light in her apron white

She caught the little red rose he cast her,

"Haste!" she cried, with her arms so wide,

"Haste! sweetheart, haste!" but the boat was past her.

And the gray cold ran over the gold,
And sighed with only the winds to hear her—

"He loves me still, and he rowed with a will,

But pitiless fate, not he, was sterner!"

And there till the morn blushed over the corn,

And over the bees in their sweet combs humming,

Her locks with the dew drenched through and through,

She watched and waited her false love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay

May keep her young heart light as a feather—

It was only a dream, the bridge and the stream,

And lady, and lover, and altogether.

Country and City Life.

BY REV. C. H. BRIGHAM.

It is the dream of country girls that they shall live in the city when they are married; if they cannot have the farms of Cliveden, and a house on the avenue, they shall at least have a house in the suburb, where they can see the glory of the city, and feel that it belongs to them. Very few there are who go back to the farm, even after the experiment of urban life has failed; they will try this experiment again and again, before they will become slaves of the soil. We accept the poetry of pastoral life, the elegies and the georgics, but the prose of city life wins in the contest. The real pride of the nation is not in its wheat-fields and its potato-fields, not in its barns and pastures, but in the marvellous growth of its great cities. "Come and see Chicago, the eighth wonder of the world," is the invitation which the West holds up to the wondering foreigner. Every year that sentiment which has ruined France, centering everything in Paris, is gaining ground in this republican land; and we mark our prosperity more and more by the growth of our cities. The consolation for neglected fields in Vermont and New Hampshire is that more streets are opened on Manhattan Island, and that more blocks of brick and iron are built on these streets. Even the emigrants who come from the bogs of Ireland find the cities more convenient than the nice pasture, which wait for their spades. They stay in filthy tenement houses rather than go apart upon the fertile, but lonely prairie.

This lamentable tendency, nevertheless, has its excuse and its reason, like all tendencies. City life has its vantages which can not be disputed, and which please very much with a practical people. Gas for light, and water on all the floors of the house, are real conveniences. Shops close at hand, the butcher, the baker, the carpenter, the grocer, the tailor, and the tailoress within easy call, and a great deal to do to the comfort of life. In a city, one can buy everything on any day, and can gratify any wish. There is variety of course; the newest things are there, the latest fashions. One has not to wait until the fashion has changed to learn what it really is. In the city you can get everything that you want, and when you want it. And you can ride so cheaply, and so gaily, roomy, comfortable horse-car, or carriage, so easy to get into and out of, and with no trouble or responsibility of horse or carriage. In a city, too, you have so many neighbors, a dozen families within call from your window; no need to be lonesome there. And then, too, how many spectacles there are in the city that the country never can afford, spectacles in the streets, spectacles in halls, spectacles in the theatres, military processions, with long ranks of valiant warriors, Masonic processions, with their white aprons so clean, and their mystic emblems; Fenians and Trades Unions, and gorgeous funerals, so delightful in that long train of black coaches, and in the great nodding plumes of the horses! Think of these delights, with all the other luxuries and amusements, the hand-organs, and the brass bands, and the picture stores, and the jewelry stores, and the fairy dry goods stores, and the libraries, and the public libraries, and the grand celebrations! How shall the country ever offset by its attractions these luxuries and comforts, which are personal, and real all the year round? Of what use to decay the superior convenience of a life in the city, where every want is so readily met. If you wish excitement, you can have it at any time by walking a square or two, and if you wish privacy, you can keep it by shutting your door. How pleasant, too, to know that there is always a policeman within call, that the schoolhouse is not far off, and that you have part in something that is really great, where things are done on a large scale! These advantages of city life are very palpable, and make their inevitable appeal. It is difficult for one who has enjoyed them

for years to understand how others can live without them, or how they can dispense with. When we go into the country, to live on our estate, we must take a considerable part of these luxuries with us, else our dream of happiness will be vainly deluded.

Yet against this array of conveniences in city life, it is quite possible to bring an array of annoyances and dangers equally positive and unquestionable. Noise, noise, from morning till night, and in the night, too, is the inevitable plague of city life. The wheels will rattle upon the pavements, the tramps and news-boys and milkmen will scream in the streets, there will be ringing of bells, and firing of guns, and the constant mingling of insatiable discords. The music of hand-organs will cease to be luxury, and become exasperation in its endless grinding. Dirt, in the form of mud or the form of dust, is another fatal contingent of city life, which all the skill of the city-poor can not remove. In half the cities of the land, where there are steamboats at the piers, or factories on the streets, smoke will load the air, and leave its grime on the staircase and the table. The narrow streets hinder light, and not a few will be compelled to sit in darkness even in the luxuriant "surroundings." The convenient horse-cars, in which riding is so cheap, may be crowded, and become a snare in the help they give to pickpockets; and also for him who trusts them when the snow has fallen heavily. The water-pipes, so "handy," may freeze, and leave the house foul-smelling, when their service is most important. That other houses are so near makes fire all the more dangerous; and who can tell what pestilence is in the chambers across the way, and what contagion may come in this close neighborhood? Have not the streets their dangers, in the tangle of carts, and carriages, and cars, or the rush and fury of crowds and mobs? Who shall feel safe in the city when burglars are breaking locks, and trying windows, and hiding in closets? If the spectacles are abundant, are not the saloons more so, saloons for gambling, drinking, and other iniquities? Are not the city doors besieged by beggars, and tramps in, with their lying stories, and their ready fingers so quick to pilfer? Think of the artificial wants which this rivalry of city life creates, and the fearful expense which it requires. Think of the taxes, an ever-increasing burden! If there are such numerous churches within convenient distance, and such free liberty of choice, consider the cost of any one of these, and what contributions they call for. Salvation in the cities in any form is an expensive luxury. Surely, with all these drawbacks, and how many more that might be mentioned, the conveniences of city life are fairly balanced, and it ought not to remain unattractive. The harshnesses, the frivolity, the dissipation, the risks, and the plagues of city life must be taken into the account, when we magnify its comforts, and think of its dignity. If the aristocracy is so grand, the nuns are the more insignificant, and the details are repulsive.

But country life has also its tale of miseries which match, if not exceed, the privations of city life. It has the fatal ban of *dullness* to confound it. The quietude of rural scenes is difficult to describe in words. The quietude seems to describe it concisely and exactly. It is monotonous, has no variety, no excitement, no *espousal*. The scenes are the same all the time, and the days are all alike. One is likely to "rust out," who lives in the country, and "rust" and "rust" go together, by more than euphemism. The city may be a "sink of iniquity," but then it is lively. So at least the young will reason, and not a few who are demure and pious, too. Country life is, too, lonely, and the penalty which it inflicts is the loss of human society. Trees, and cows, and sheep, excellent as they are, are not full substitutes for friendly men and women. Many of those who are condemned to the solitude of the farm-house, while husbands and sons are off at labor, envy the delight of those city dames whose friends can "run in at any moment." The cares of country life, too, seem petty, and there is no motive to exertion. We accept the poetry of pastoral life, the elegies and the georgics, but the prose of city life wins in the contest. The real pride of the nation is not in its wheat-fields and its potato-fields, not in its barns and pastures, but in the marvellous growth of its great cities. "Come and see Chicago, the eighth wonder of the world," is the invitation which the West holds up to the wondering foreigner. Every year that sentiment which has ruined France, centering everything in Paris, is gaining ground in this republican land; and we mark our prosperity more and more by the growth of our cities. The consolation for neglected fields in Vermont and New Hampshire is that more streets are opened on Manhattan Island, and that more blocks of brick and iron are built on these streets. Even the emigrants who come from the bogs of Ireland find the cities more convenient than the nice pasture, which wait for their spades. They stay in filthy tenement houses rather than go apart upon the fertile, but lonely prairie.

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Meat for the Million.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHAS. MORRIS.

In these days of high prices for all the necessities of life, any man looking to a return of the plenty and cheapness of old should be haled with gratitude. Yet, much as cheap food is needed here, we must thank our neighbors across the ocean for the first definite attempt to solve the problem. In France epicures have become sheer *Hippocrate*, and are lauding the virtues of horse-meat to the skies. Baron Liebig has come to their rescue with the announcement that horse-flesh is more nourishing than either beef or mutton, and the Parisians must certainly find it palatable, there being in that city even *twelve tons of horse-meat prepared daily*; besides six establishments for the manufacture of horse-sausages.

Yet somehow the Anglo-Saxon race have not yet adopted this new article of diet. Certain parties in England, it is said, are preparing to supply cheap beef and mutton in quantities sufficient to relieve the civilized world from the pressure of high prices.

Over the prairies of the Pinto river, in South America, roam almost countless herds of sheep and cattle, their numbers being roughly computed at twenty-two million head of cattle and thirty-five million of sheep. Of these 12 per cent. are slain annually for their hides, the meat having been until lately almost utterly wasted. In Buenos Ayres they do not think of a living beast by the pound, disposing of it at some nominal price per joint. The ordinary modes of drying and salting beef do not admit of the profitable importation of this meat, much of its nutritive substance being absorbed by the salt, the more so as all South American cattle are lean, and being usually killed after the excitement of a hard chase, the flesh is in the very worst condition for the process of cooking.

There have been lately patented three methods for preserving this meat for transportation, some one of which is likely to have a decided effect upon our Northern markets. The first of these, Liebig's Extractum Carnis, brings us the meat without loss of its nutritive value, the ordinary mode of drying and salting beef do not admit of the profitable importation of this meat, much of its nutritive substance being absorbed by the salt, the more so as all South American cattle are lean, and being usually killed after the excitement of a hard chase, the flesh is in the very worst condition for the process of cooking.

The meat is cut to piece, by the tooth of revolving cylinders on it becomes like the pulp prepared for the manufacture of paper. It is next mixed with water and strained in a vat, the liquid separated from the immovable fibre, and the water evaporated until the fluid has assumed a considerable degree of consistency. One pound of this condensed liquid contains the nutriment of 33 lbs. of meat, and is sufficient to make an excellent soup for more than a hundred persons.

The second plan is Mr. Morgan's improved salting process. Five hundred thousand lbs. of meat cured by this process were imported to Liverpool during one year, and sold there at four pence per lb. It consists in replacing the blood of the animal with a strong brine. A gutta percha tube is introduced into the animal's arterial system, through which the brine is forced by the pressure of the fluid until the fluid has assumed a considerable degree of consistency. One pound of this condensed liquid contains the nutriment of 33 lbs. of meat, and is sufficient to make an excellent soup for more than a hundred persons.

The third process is, in many respects, superior to the two preceding, as it preserves the meat in its fresh condition, and renders it capable of preservation for any length of time. It is based on the same principle applied in the canning of fruits, being a simple oxygenating process, though in this case the oxygen is replaced by a gas instead of a fluid. Oxygen is the food of organic material, and all useful modes of preservation must include the warding off of the assaults of this enemy, or in removing the endangered material beyond its reach. The latter is the only mode by which vegetable or animal substance can be preserved in its natural condition. The process consists in the employment of a gas whose composition is yet a secret to the patentee. By means of water, all the oxygen is driven from the gas containing the meat. It is then closely sealed, with the exception of two small holes, by one of which this unknown gas is introduced, while the water is driven out at the other. The gas can then be entirely closed, all danger of access of the air is obviated. The meat preserved by this means has been imported into England, and found to be perfectly fresh and sweet.

Another advantage of this last made over the second is, that none of the bone is exposed; and it is probable that the meat can be profitably sold at eight or ten cents per pound. Surely there is in this enterprise the germ of a mode of escape from the present high prices of flesh meats, and we can all safely desire the success of the experiment.

[This was before the sieve. As it proved, it was well for the Parisians to familiarize themselves with such food.—*Ed. Post.*]

India Rubber.

The variety of articles now made from India rubber is truly wonderful, as well as the amount of material consumed annually. There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufacturers of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of the gum per year. The business is constantly increasing, yet there seems little danger that the supply of gum will be exhausted.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ing inquiries among merchants and business men developed the fact that no person of that name was known. Dr. Ellis sat long and thoughtfully, after folding the last letter, and then rising, paced the room a long while.

"Why not?" he said, under his breath. "I am alone, have no one to inherit my fortune; this poor child is evidently forsaken for some purpose, and if I do not keep him he will be thrown upon the world, a poor, helpless wifl; I will do it."

Calling Lenny to him, and placing him between his knees, he looked long and earnestly into the dark, sad eyes that were raised for a moment to his face, and then timidly dropped. The child was handsome, with a delicate, refined beauty that irresistibly attracted, and had already won the love of warm-hearted Nora, and rough, but hearty Tom, and even that of stout Mrs. Mace.

"Lenny," said the doctor, after a prolonged contemplation of his little guest, "how should you like to stay with me and be my little son? I can bear nothing of your papa in New York, and as you seem to have no other friends, I think this is the best thing you can do. What do you think?"

Lenny's eyes instantly filled with tears, and looking up, he said, with quivering lips, and faltering voice,

"Are you sure, sir, that papa is not in New York? Oh, then I will never see him or baby Ella again!" and he wept almost as bitterly as on the night when the doctor found him.

The doctor permitted him to calm himself before resuming the subject, but when the sobs had subsided into little long-drawn sighs, he gently drew him to his breast, and drying his wet face, said kindly,

"But, Lenny, dear, I can't find your father, and I can't allow you to go out into the world alone; if you can be happy here with me, and will try to think of this as your home, I will adopt you, will educate you and bring you up to my own profession; in plain words, make a doctor of you; how should you like that, eh?" smiling and chuckling Lenny under his chin.

Lenny smiled and said, "I should like it very much, sir; you are very good and kind, and I think I could be quite happy if I could see papa and baby Ella sometimes," the affectionate little heart full again at the thought of a final separation from the only two persons he had ever loved, or who had ever loved him, for he lost his own mother at his birth.

In a warm, light, well-furnished room, in a handsome house on Walnut street, sat two gentlemen; the elder, about fifty-five, had white hair and a mustache, but his face was almost entirely unshaven, and his robust frame and erect carriage indicated a man still in his prime. The other was young, twenty-five perhaps, taller than his companion, but more slender, with large, dark, somewhat sad eyes, a well-cut mouth and nose, a broad, white forehead, and an expression of purity and sweetness rarely seen in men.

"Well, Leonard," said the elder, "how did you find your patient?"

"In a nuptial condition, but she partially aroused, and was muttering some words to herself in a low tone when I left her. Her daughter says he has been alternating between coma and a low, muttering delirium for several days past, the former condition predominating."

"Bad symptom; will probably end in death," said the elder.

"I fear so, and then what will become of her daughter, poor thing? She seems alone and friendless."

At this moment the bell rang violently, and a moment after a servant entered, saying that Dr. Leonard was wanted. He stepped out into the hall, where stood a young girl, fair and gentle-looking, but pale, thin, and wretchedly clad.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "come quickly, mother is raving, and I cannot control her; I was obliged to call in the neighbor, while I came for you, but I must hurry back, for she is wild; will you come right away, please?" lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face.

"Yes, my good girl, I will be there directly; go on before, I will follow as soon as I can get ready." She turned and ran down the steps, while he went back to the room he had just left.

"Will you go with me, doctor? I think you will find the case interesting," said he to the elder gentleman.

"If I can be useful I will gladly go," and in a few moments they were ready, and turning down the gas, went out.

A brisk walk of a dozen squares brought them to a wretched street in the vicinity of Seventh and Lombard streets, and entering one of the poorest of the poor tenements in which the neighborhood abounds, and stumbling up a closely flight of stairs, they found themselves in a small, bare room, lighted by a miserable tallow candle, and the chill slightly moderated by a handful of coals that were trying to burn in a rusty little stove. In one corner lay a woman upon a mass of what seemed to be straw and rags, or rather what floss on this wretched bed, for she was not still a moment, but rolled continually from side to side, throwing her arms wildly about, and shrieking constantly. Her daughter seemed to have been deserted by the neighbors of whom she had spoken, for she was quite alone with the raving woman, and had ceased to make any attempt at controlling her, but sat upon the floor, with her head dropped into her hands, and apparently unconscious of all about her. Dr. Leonard's touch upon her shoulder aroused her, and starting up, she hastened to place something for them to be seated upon; an old chair without a back, and an empty keg, which seemed to have done duty as a table, judging from an empty cup and plate, which the girl hastily removed.

The two doctors drew near the patient, and while the elder held her hands forcibly down, the other placed his finger upon her wrist.

"One hundred and thirty; she can't last long at this rate; how long has she been in this condition?" turning to the girl, who shivered over the wretched fire.

"All the afternoon," she answered.

"With no interval of quiet or consciousness?"

"Not a moment." The elder doctor had released her hands, and she again flung them wildly above her head as she shrieked, "Forgive me, James, forgive me! Oh, forgive me! I did it for Ella. Oh, Ella, my daughter, forgive me; don't reproach me; it was all for you! All for you! James, you cannot die until you forgive me! You shall not."

"Where is he? How should I know? The train started; I turned my face away; I could not look at him until the last moment; I saw him standing where I left him,

smiling up into my face; he did not know that I was deserting him. Oh, God! will I ever be forgiven?" Then suddenly turning upon her side, her eyes fell upon Dr. Leonard's face. With a violent start, she sat upright, put from her face the hand she had used, and shrieked, pointing a thin and trembling finger at him, "Who are you? What do you want? Go away! Do you come to haunt me, with your eyes like Leonard's, and James's brown, and her mouth? Ha, ha, ha. Her child, was he? And there was no love for my poor girl! But he died of a broken heart, and I have never known such since." And she slowly sank back upon her pillow and lay silent.

Dr. Leonard and the older physician sat silent, one glance only having been exchanged between them. She lay quiet for a longer period than she had done for some hours, and at length the older rose, took up his bat and said to Dr. Leonard,

"We can do nothing; I will go; do you desire to remain until the end?"

"I will remain; she may awake conscious, as she seems to be sleeping now usually."

"Very well. If you require assistance, send for me. Good-evening." And he quietly and easily left the room.

The patient slept long; the poor fire had burned out, and daylight was struggling through the few panes that were still to the one window. Turning to the girl, who bent over the warm ashes, as if eager to let no whit of their warmth be wasted, he called her to him in a tone even gentler than his usual gentle tones, and putting a hawk's-bill into her hand, he requested her to get soap and food for herself and her mother, also to go to the nearest druggist for some good port wine, expecting that when the patient awoke she would be reduced to great weakness. She still slept, and the sun was trying to send a few piercing beams into the wretched room, when Ella returned with wood, coal, food, and a small bottle of wine. Giving the last into the doctor's hands, she proceeded to build a fire, and soon had a bright blaze crackling and leaping in the wretched little stove. Putting a kettle over the fire with water in it, and bringing from some hidden hook a plate, a cup minus the handle, she laid them upon the keg, innocent of table-cloth or napkin to conceal its rough and uninviting surface. Leonard's eyes filled with tears as he saw these poor preparations for a meal, which he had been accustomed to take in a cosy, cheerful break-room, with all the appliances that taste could devise or wealth procure.

He was watching her movements, when his attention was attracted by a sudden movement of the patient, and turning, he found her awake, with her eyes fixed upon him. A glance assured him that reason had returned; her look intent and full of wonder, was also fluid and shrinking, and when he met her gaze with his own, so frank and yet so sad, she dropped her eyes, and turned away her head.

Turning to the girl, he asked her for some water and a spoon, and putting some wine into the cup she handed to him, he raised the patient's head, and gave her several spoonfuls of the mixture. Ella had made some tea and toast, and now brought them to the bedside, but the patient motioned her away, feebly shaking her head, as if to intimate that she could not eat. Dr. Leonard took the plate and cup from Ella's hands, and telling her to go and eat her breakfast, he turned to the patient, and told her that she must eat, that he insisted upon it, and she must obey him.

Raising her eyes to his face, she said feebly,

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am a physician, and live only a few blocks from here; your daughter asked me to come and see you," said Dr. Leonard, as carefully as he could.

Apparently relieved, she again intimated that she would not or could not eat, but the doctor again told her that she must, when she quickly raised her eyes again and asked,

"What is your name?"

"No matter about my name now; you must eat something, and keep very quiet; for you are very ill, and everything depends upon your obedience to my orders."

Ella reached her hand for the plate, and swallowing a few mouthfuls of tea, but at last, pushing the plate from her, she pointed to the cup that held the wine, and he gave her all that was in it, believing that life could be prolonged but a few more hours even by this aid.

Again fixing her eyes upon him, she gazed questioningly and appealingly into his face, and turning to her, and taking in his feeble hand, he said,

"I am called Leonard Ellis, but that is not my own name. When I was ten years old, my father, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, went to New York, became a member of a large firm there, and, wishing to my step-mother (my own mother having died at my birth,) instructed her to sell our house and furniture, and join him there. She sold everything, and started with us, my little step-sister and myself; starting on the way, my step-mother deserted me. She entered a car, desiring me to remain where she left me until her return. I waited, but she never returned, and in a few moments the train moved off. She looked at me and nodded her head as the car passed me, and then, for the first time, I knew that I was deserted. I cried bitterly of course, and a gentleman seeing me, kindly took me to his home, after hearing my story, and wrote letters to New York inquiring about my father, and giving his name and address. But we never heard anything of him, as the gentlemen to whom he wrote could not, after the most careful inquiries, find any such person in the city. Dr. Ellis, the gentleman who had taken me to his home, adopted me, brought me up to his own profession, and some years ago we moved to this city. The mystery has never been cleared up, and I know not where my father is, or whether he is living or dead."

He had not looked at her once during his recital, but now he glanced furtively at her face. He was startled by the change there. Her eyes seemed to be set immovably in their sockets, and were fixed upon him with a glare that was fearful. She lay so long that he began to fear that life had fled, and that she would never remove that frightful gaze. But even while he looked the gaze wandered, and seemed to be seeking something. At length it fell upon her daughter, who stood behind Leonard eagerly listening to all he said. The sight of Ella seemed to electrify her mother, and starting up, she beckoned her to her. She came around to the doctor's side, and her mother, laying her hand on her arm, and turning her round until she faced him, cried,

"Does she look much like 'baby Ella,' Leonard? 'Twas for her I did it, and now look at her! Your father loved you only; he cared nothing for my child; I thought, you out of the way, he would have to love her, and she would be his heiress. Oh God! My punishment is in this, that she for whom I bartered my own soul, for whose advancement and profit I sacrificed my husband's life, is the cruellest sufferer of all!" And cowering down in the bed, she buried her face in the pillow. Ella glanced at Leonard, and in an instant was clasped in his arms. Long she lay and sobbed on his shoulder; long and tightly he clasped the poor, thin figure, that so need too frail to sustain the gouts of sobbing shook her.

They were reduced to themselves by the voice of the mother, who had again arisen and was speaking.

"Leonard," she said, "let me finish your story where you left off. It was not to New York, but to Philadelphia that we went when I left you, standing on the platform, I told you that New York was our destination, foreseeing that those who heard your story would send there for information of your father, and of course he could not be found. I practised a double deception, for I told your father that you were left at Pittsburgh in the confusion of a change of cars, and in his inquiries he went to farther west than that city; and although neither time nor money was spared in searching at that point and east of it, I persuaded him that it was useless to look farther west, as you would not likely go back. After some time he gave up the search, but he was never the same man after that; he lost interest in his business, neglected it, and when the troubles of '57 came, he was ruined. Soon after, he was taken ill of brain fever, and in his delirium betrayed his suspicion of the part I had had in his son's loss, and died denouncing me. I confessed all to him, and implored his forgiveness, but he was never conscious enough to understand me, and drove me from him with curses. Ella and I have suffered everything that poverty the most abject can inflict; mine will soon be ended; for Ella, would that you could! send it with me."

Leonard with difficulty controlled his voice sufficiently to assure her that for Ella's sake, still ring from poverty was ended; that his home was hers, and that all that brotherly love could do to shield her from sorrow should be done.

With a weary, but grateful smile, the mother looked once more into his face, and kissing the hand that held hers, turned her face to the wall. Long she lay and still. He held her hand, and suddenly became conscious that it was growing cold. With a quick glance at Ella, he bent over the mother. Leonard assured him that reason had returned; her look intent and full of wonder, was also fluid and shrinking, and when he met her gaze with his own, so frank and yet so sad, she dropped her eyes, and turned away her head.

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Again fixing her eyes upon him, she gazed questioningly and appealingly into his face, and turning to her, and taking in his feeble hand, he said,

"I am called Leonard Ellis, but that is not my own name. When I was ten years old, my father, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, went to New York, became a member of a large firm there, and, wishing to my step-mother (my own mother having died at my birth,) instructed her to sell our house and furniture, and join him there. She sold everything, and started with us, my little step-sister and myself; starting on the way, my step-mother deserted me. She entered a car, desiring me to remain where she left me until her return. I waited, but she never returned, and in a few moments the train moved off. She looked at me and nodded her head as the car passed me, and then, for the first time, I knew that I was deserted. I cried bitterly of course, and a gentleman seeing me, kindly took me to his home, after hearing my story, and wrote letters to New York inquiring about my father, and giving his name and address. But we never heard anything of him, as the gentlemen to whom he wrote could not, after the most careful inquiries, find any such person in the city. Dr. Ellis, the gentleman who had taken me to his home, adopted me, brought me up to his own profession, and some years ago we moved to this city. The mystery has never been cleared up, and I know not where my father is, or whether he is living or dead."

He had not looked at her once during his recital, but now he glanced furtively at her face. He was startled by the change there. Her eyes seemed to be set immovably in their sockets, and were fixed upon him with a glare that was fearful. She lay so long that he began to fear that life had fled, and that she would never remove that frightful gaze. But even while he looked the gaze wandered, and seemed to be seeking something. At length it fell upon her daughter, who stood behind Leonard eagerly listening to all he said. The sight of Ella seemed to electrify her mother, and starting up, she beckoned her to her. She came around to the doctor's side, and her mother, laying her hand on her arm, and turning her round until she faced him, cried,

"Does she look much like 'baby Ella,' Leonard? 'Twas for her I did it, and now look at her! Your father loved you only;

he cared nothing for my child; I thought, you out of the way, he would have to love her, and she would be his heiress. Oh God! My punishment is in this, that she for whom I bartered my own soul, for whose advancement and profit I sacrificed my husband's life, is the cruellest sufferer of all!"

And cowering down in the bed, she buried her face in the pillow. Ella glanced at Leonard, and in an instant was clasped in his arms. Long she lay and sobbed on his shoulder; long and tightly he clasped the poor, thin figure, that so need too frail to sustain the gouts of sobbing shook her.

They were reduced to themselves by the voice of the mother, who had again arisen and was speaking.

"Leonard," she said, "let me finish your story where you left off. It was not to New York, but to Philadelphia that we went when I left you, standing on the platform, I told you that New York was our destination, foreseeing that those who heard your story would send there for information of your father, and of course he could not be found. I practised a double deception, for I told your father that you were left at Pittsburgh in the confusion of a change of cars, and in his inquiries he went to farther west than that city; and although neither time nor money was spared in searching at that point and east of it, I persuaded him that it was useless to look farther west, as you would not likely go back. After some time he gave up the search, but he was never the same man after that; he lost interest in his business, neglected it, and when the troubles of '57 came, he was ruined. Soon after, he was taken ill of brain fever, and in his delirium betrayed his suspicion of the part I had had in his son's loss, and died denouncing me. I confessed all to him, and implored his forgiveness, but he was never conscious enough to understand me, and drove me from him with curses. Ella and I have suffered everything that poverty the most abject can inflict; mine will soon be ended; for Ella, would that you could! send it with me."

Leonard with difficulty controlled his voice sufficiently to assure her that for Ella's sake, still ring from poverty was ended; that his home was hers, and that all that brotherly love could do to shield her from sorrow should be done.

With a weary, but grateful smile, the mother looked once more into his face, and kissing the hand that held hers, turned her face to the wall. Long she lay and still. He held her hand, and suddenly became conscious that it was growing cold. With a quick glance at Ella, he bent over the mother. Leonard assured him that reason had returned; her look intent and full of wonder, was also fluid and shrinking, and when he met her gaze with his own, so frank and yet so sad, she dropped her eyes, and turned away her head.

Turning to the girl, he asked her for some water and a spoon, and putting some wine into the cup she handed to him, he raised the patient's head, and gave her several spoonfuls of the mixture. Ella had made some tea and toast, and now brought them to the bedside, but the patient motioned her away, feebly shaking her head, as if to intimate that she could not eat. Dr. Leonard took the plate and cup from Ella's hands, and telling her to go and eat her breakfast, he turned to the patient, and told her that she must eat, that he insisted upon it, and she must obey him.

Raising her eyes to his face, she said feebly,

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am a physician, and live only a few blocks from here; your daughter asked me to come and see you," said Dr. Leonard, as carefully as he could.

Apparently relieved, she again intimated that she would not or could not eat, but the doctor again told her that she must, when she quickly raised her eyes again and asked,

"That needs not astonish you, madam," he said, with the most exquisite politeness; "I am the intimate friend of Stronghand. Without entering into any details that might offend you, my friend told me that you might perchance come and ask for him at our camp site."

"He knew it, then," she murmured, in a trembling voice; "but how did he learn it?"

Though these words were uttered in a whisper, Whistler heard them.

"He doubtless hoped it would be so, without doing to credit it, madam," he answered.

"Good heavens!" she continued, "what does this mean?"

"That my friend, in his eager desire to be agreeable to you, and foreseeing the chance of your coming during his absence, warned me, in order to spare you a very difficult search, and thus induce you to grant me a little of that confidence you deign to honor him with."

"I thank you, sir. Now that you know me, would it be taxing your courtesy too greatly to ask you to guide my companion and myself to your bivouac?"

"I am at your orders, madam, and believe me that you will receive a proper reception, even though my friend does not happen to be there at the moment."

"What?" she said, suddenly checking her horse, "can he be absent?"

"Yes, but do not let that cause you any anxiety; he will soon return."

"Good heavens!" she murmured, clasping her hands in grief.

"Madam," Whistler again continued, "I understand that the reasons which urged you to undertake such a journey must be of the utmost importance; let me, therefore, go on ahead to the camp, and make all the preparations for your reception."

"But Stronghand, senior?"

"Warned through me, madam, he will be back by daybreak."

"You promise me that, senior."

"On my honor."

"Go, then, and may heaven requite you for the good-will and courtesy you show me."

Whistler bowed respectfully to the young lady, took his rifle under his arm, and soon disappeared in the forest.

"We can now go on without fear," said Marianna; "I know Whistler to be an honest, worthy fellow, and he will do what he has promised."

"Heaven grant I may see the man whom I have come so far to meet."

"You will see him, be assured; moreover, all precautions were taken in the event of your visit."

"Yes," she murmured, pausing; "and it is this which renders me alarmed. Well, I put my trust in the Virgin."

And striking her horse, she went on her way, followed by the tigerero, who could not at all comprehend this remark, after the desire the young lady had evinced to see the hunter.

CAPITULO XXIX. THE HUNTER'S CAMP.

It was no great distance to the bivouac, and the travelers reached it about half an hour after Whistler. Still, though this period was so short, the worthy Canadian had profited by it to erect for the young lady, who thanked him by a smile, a bower of branches, under which she found a shelter as comfortable as decent life permits. The hunters' camp had a military look, which greatly perplexed Dona Marianna. Strong wooden palisades defended all the approaches; the horses, which were ready saddled, were fastened to pickets; several watch-fires, lighted at regular distances, sufficiently illuminated the plain the prevent the approach of an enemy, whether man or beast; and four sentinels, standing rifle in hand on the entrenchments, followed with a vigilant eye the slightest undulations of the lofty pass. Some thirty men, with harsh and irregular features, clothed after the fashion of wood-rangers, in fur caps, cotton shirts, and leather calzoceras, were lying in front of the fires, rifle in hand, in order to be ready for the first alarm.

Orders had probably been given beforehand by Whistler, for the sentinels allowed the two travelers to pass unquestioned through a breach in the entrenchments, which was immediately closed after them again. The Canadian was awaiting them in front of the bower, he helped Dona Marianna to dismount, and the horses were led to join the others and supplied with a copious meal.

"You are welcome among us, señora," he said with a respectful bow; "in this bower, which no one will enter save yourself, there is a bed of skins, on which you can take a few hours' rest while awaiting Stronghand's arrival."

"I thank you, señor, for this graceful attention, by which I cannot profit, however, till we have reentered your promise."

"Senorita, two horsemen have already set out to fetch Stronghand, but I repeat, that he cannot be here for some hours; now, if you will accept the humble refreshment prepared for you—"

"I only require rest, señor; still I am not less obliged to you for your offer. Wish your permission, I will retire."

"You are mistress here, madam."

The young lady smiled, pressed her foster-brother's hand, and entered her rustic retreat. So soon as Dona Marianna had left fall after her the blanket which formed the doorway, the tigerero quietly removed his sarape from his shoulders, and laid it on the ground.

"What is that for, comrade?" Whistler asked, astonished at the performance.

"You see, compadre, I am making my bed."

"Do you mean to sleep there?"

"Why not?"

"As you please; still, you will be cold, that is all."

"Nonsense! a night is soon spent, especially when so far advanced as this ope is."

"I trust that you do not doubt us?"

"No, Whistler, no; but Dona Marianna is my foster sister, and I am bound to watch over her."

"That care concerns me at the moment; so do not be at all alarmed."

"Two sentries are better than one; besides, you know me, do you not? Although I place the utmost confidence in you, I will not surrender the guardianship of my foster-sister to another man; that is my idea, whether right or wrong, and I shall not give it up."

"As you please," the trapper said, with a laugh. And he left him at liberty to make his arrangements as he pleased.

The dwellers on the prairie—no matter if whites, half-breeds, or red-skins, trappers, pirates, or Indians—have one virtue in common, and whose duties they carry out with remarkable punctuality and generosity, and

that is hospitality. A traveller surprised by signs, and wearied by a long journey, may see a camp fire in the huts of an Indian village, present himself without fear, and claim hospitality. From that moment he is sacred to the men he applies to, no matter if they be Indians, bravos, hunters, or even pirates. These individuals, who would not have scrupled to assassinate him by the side of a ditch, treat him like a brother, show him the most delicate attentions, and will never make any insulting allusions to the length of his stay among them; on the contrary, he is at liberty to remain as long as he pleases, and when he takes leave his host says good-by regretfully.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The maiden, blushing with joy at this delicate attention on the part of the hunter, who thus places their interview beneath the safeguard of his father and mother, replied with emotion—"I am delighted, señor, with this kind inspiration of your heart; it suggests, were it possible, the confidence I have placed in you, and the gratitude I feel for the eminent services you have rendered me."

Dona Esperanza and the sachem embraced the girl, who, at once ashamed and joyous at the friendship of these persons, whose exterior was at once so imposing and so venerable, knew not how to respond to their caresses and the kindness they evinced to her. In the meanwhile the hunters had raised, with great skill and speed, a tent, under which the four persons were at once protected from the curious glances of the persons who surrounded them. Through that intense feeling of woman, which makes them love or detest each other at the first glance, Dona Esperanza and the young lady at once fell attracted to each other by a natural movement of sympathy, and leaving the gentlemen to their occupations, they withdrew on one side, and began an animated and friendly conversation. Dona Marianna, subjugated by Dona Esperanza's seductive manner, and drawn toward her by a feeling of attraction for which she did not attempt to account, as she felt so happy with her, spoke to her open-heartedly; but then she was greatly surprised to see that this lady, whom she was bound to suppose an estranger, was perfectly acquainted with all that related to her family, and knew her father's affairs better than she did herself; her amazement increased when Dona Esperanza explained in the fullest details the reasons that occasioned her presence in the hunter's camp, and the precarious position to which the Marquis de Moguer was reduced.

"I could add many more surprising things, my dear girl," Dona Esperanza continued with a smile, "but I do not wish to fatigue you at present; sufficient for you to know that we really take an interest in your family, and that it will not be our fault if your father is not soon freed from all his cares." "Oh, how good you are, madam!" the young lady exclaimed, warmly; "how can I have merited such lively interest on your part?"

"That must not trouble you at all; the step you have taken to-day to come to your father's assistance, and the confidence you have placed in my son, are for us proofs of the goodness of your feelings and the purity of your heart. Although we are almost Indians," she added with a smile, "we have white blood enough in our veins to remember what we owe to persons of that race."

The conversation went on thus between the two ladies on a footing of frank friendliness, until the moment when Stronghand came to interrupt it, by stating that breakfast was ready, and that they were only waiting for them to sit down. The tigerero and the Canadian had both been invited to share the meal, but they declined the invitation under the pretext that they did not like to eat with persons so high above them in rank, but, in reality, because the worthy wood-rangers preferred breakfasting without ceremony.

Stronghand did not press them, and allowed them to do as they pleased. Dona Marianna bit her lips in order to suppress a smile when the hunter informed her that they were about to sit down to table; for, owing to her recent journey and the slender frame she had, the young lady did not at all display her surprise at such meals being extremely simple, and eaten on the grass. Hence her surprise was at its height when, after passing into a separate compartment of the tent, she perceived a table laid with a luxury which would have been justly admired even in Mexico; nothing was wanting, even to massive plate and valuable crystal. The dishes, it is true, were simple, and merely consisted of venison and fruit; but all had a stamp of true grandeur, which it was impossible not to appreciate at the first glance. The contrast offered by this table, so elegantly and comfortably laid, was the greater, because behind the canvas of the tent, decent life could be seen in all its simplicity.

The young lady seated herself between Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza, Stronghand sat down opposite to her, and two men-servants waited. In spite of the agreeable surprise which the impromptu comfort of this repast, prepared for her alone, caused her, the young lady did not at all display her surprise, but ate heartily and gayly, thus thanking her hosts for the delicate attention they showed her. When the dainties were placed on the table, and the meal was drawing to a close, Stronghand bowed to Dona Marianna.

"Senorita," he said, with a smile, "before we begin a serious conversation, which might, at this moment, appear to you untimely, be kind enough to permit my mother to tell us one of the charming Indian legends with which she generally enlivens the close of our meals."

Dona Marianna was at first surprised by this proposition, made without any apparent motive, at the close of a lively conversation; but imagining that the hunter's remarks concealed a serious purpose, and that the legend, under its frivolous aspect, would entail valuable results for her, she answered with a sweet smile.

"I shall listen with the greatest pleasure to the narrative the señora is about to tell us—because my nurse, who is of Indian origin, was wont to lull me to sleep with these legends, which have left a deep and most agreeable impression on my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Louis lately had a shower of what at first was thought to be sulphur, since it appeared upon the sidewalks as a yellowish-green powder. The people were struck with wonder, gathered the powder, burnt it, and smelled the odor of sulphur. Dr. John Green, however, put it under the microscope and found it to be the pollen of the pine tree, probably blown from the pine forests of the Carolinas, and washed from the atmosphere above St. Louis by a shower of rain.

Clothing which had been worn by small-pox patients was recently buried in the open street in New York. Doctors agree that no sure method of spreading a pestilence could be adopted. Great indignation followed the discovery of the facts.

WIT AND HUMOR.

EXCITING.

As I walked thinking thro' a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers kept passing
By.
Saying "Look here! look there!" delight-
edly.
"Oh, here it is!" "What's that?" "A
lily, love."
"And there are violets."
"Further for roses," "Oh, the lovely pets—
The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorns!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh don't, it's
a grasshopper!"
"Come in, come in,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh, what fun!"
"Not that way! Step her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Puck them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look
here!" "Oh, I'm
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild
thyme."
"Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to
rain!"
There's lightning, oh, there's thunder!"
"Will it rain hard, I wonder?"
"I feel so funny! Hush!"
"Why, where, what is it then?" "Ab! in
that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it,
shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out shuffles a great snake.
"Oh, Lord! oh me! alack! ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream
again,
And then heavy drops comes down the
rain.
Black running at the other in a fright,
Black trying to get before the other, and
crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or
right;
One seizes her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets tramped up on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the
ground;
And still as screaming, bustling without rest,
They run this way and that, and round and
round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.
I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

A Fresh "Salt."

A suspicious character, arrested for theft,
said, on examination, that he was a cooper
by trade.

When asked by the alderman how long
since he had worked at his trade, he replied,
"Eighteen months."

Alderman.—What have you been doing
since?

Prisoner.—Going to sea.

Alderman.—Where to?

Prisoner.—From New York to Liverpool,
in the ship *Carnegie Grinnell*, Capt. Spencer.

Alderman.—Can you box the compass? (Name the points of the compass in their order.)

Prisoner.—Yes, sir.

Alderman.—Well, do it.

This was a stumper to the assumed "salt." He hesitated for a moment, and then stammered: "But—but, sir, I haven't my tools!" He was committed.

A Smoky Chimney.

"You ought to have seen my chimney—you ought to have seen my chimney, sir! Smoke! Humph! I wish I may hang if Mr. Jones, you remember that chimney—you must remember that chimney—I am telling you nothing but the truth, and I wish I may never draw another breath if that chimney didn't smoke so that the smoke actually got caked in it, and I had to dig it out with a pickaxe. You may smile, gentlemen, but the High Sheriff's got a hunk of it which I dug out before his eyes, and so it's perfectly easy for you to go and examine for yourselves."

ON Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York a concited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a person; upon which Sterne said, "And so, sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and connect he commences to bark." "Indeed!" replied the off-ender; "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

"SIDNEY GODOLPHIN," said Charles I., speaking of one of his courtiers, "is an admirable man; he is never in the way and never out of the way."

A Natural Curiosity.

In Monroe county, Pennsylvania, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, consisting of a subterranean pond of several acres in extent, and of great depth. This pond is covered by about six feet in depth of black earth, which supports a heavy growth of timber, consisting mostly of soft maple, pine, hemlock, and birch. Last fall it was discovered that this subterranean pond contained many fish, of the kinds usually found in ponds in this part of the country—pickerel and "shiners" among others—but all without eyes! Over this pond runs the track of the New Jefferson Railroad. Almost ever since its construction it has been subject to a great deal of trouble and expense, caused by the sinking away of that portion of the road running over the pond or swamp. Several times the track has utterly sunk from view, and in one or two cases trains have escaped a similar fate. About a mile from this pond is another one, known as Bull Pond, which is also growing over. A considerable portion of it has become subterranean within the last twenty years, and is all probability, before many years, it will be entirely covered like the other. This pond is about twenty acres in extent. For some distance from the shore it is filled with a dense growth of water lilies, and these no doubt furnish the foundation on which the superstructure of earth is commenced. Should this pond become completely covered, the fish in its waters will probably become extinct.

THE PRETTY ART OF POETRY.—With a profusion of rhythmical and melodious nonsense, amidst which, at distant intervals, here and there introduce an intelligible line. The dullest idea therein expressed will shine like a star amid surrounding darkness.—*London Punch*.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

(The bachelor friends of Benedick have just taken their departure.)

BENEDICK (who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences).—"Oh, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to goodness you wouldn't put me in public. I don't so much mind it—when we're alone, but for a lot of fellows, ha! ha! all, you know!"

MARY ANN (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope).—"And why not, my Phœbus? Should not a woman glory in her love?"

BENEDICK.—"Oh, bother!"

RELEASE MY BEAMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON PILER.

O love! my soul is sighing, sighing,
And my sad heart is ever crying
To thee, my love, my love
For liberty 'tis pining, dying;
Release me, O my love!

O I cannot thou wonder that I am sighing,
And plead to thee to hush my crying
With what thy heart could give,
When I am dying, slowly dying;
And twere so sweet to live!

Eben Clark; Or, Tit-For-Tat.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.

It is pleasant perhaps, or perhaps it is painful for one to live over the scenes of his childhood. I go back to my boyhood days with a good deal of satisfaction, though I never was permitted to be much of a child, my father always endeavoring in his relations to, and his intercourse with me, to turn me into a premature man, and in order to do this to give me associations foreign to childhood. But there were passages in my life that so clearly partook of the elements of boyhood, that I often think of them very pleasantly.

There lived near to my father, a family by the name of Clark. The father was an earnest man, but poor. He had the faculty of not getting on in the world. I judge now that his incapacity was owing largely to the influences over him of his wife, she being a sternly-penitent, throwing "out of his window with a spoon, what he earned, faster than he could bring it on a shovel." There were six or seven children in the house, and in almost every family, so in this, there was one genius. I doubt whether there can easily be found any family in which there are both and grown up five or more children, where there is not within the group one smarter than all the rest, and not infrequently smarter than either of the parents.

In this family Eben Clark was the smart one. To him was committed "the oracle of truth" belonging to that family. A remarkable boy, he grew up to be a remarkable man. He had great wit, fine humor, good intellectual capacity, and most wonderful gifts of inspiration. His physique was peculiar. At the time when the incident that I am about to relate took place, he had reached his growth. He was about six feet in height, weighed 175 pounds, had swarthy skin, eyes as black as a sycamore, hair as shiny and wavy and as black as the purest Spanish, a broad chin, large nose with open nostril, cuts wide at its opening. The upper part of his body was nearly faultless, except to be taken to the fact that he was very slightly round shouldered. His weak point was his loins. Had he been as strongly built there as above or below he would have been Samson. His hair was a source of great admiration to me. I used to envy him its possession. It always seemed to be glossy, and would curl when of any length. My hair was brown, fine, but straight, and was always dry.

One day I said to him—

"Eben, what do you do to your hair to make it so shiny?"

"Why, Jim," he replied, "if you will not tell anybody, I will tell you."

"I will not," I rejoined.

"Then," said he, "I will tell you. I put on it once or twice a week some boiled linseed oil."

We had a man painting for us at that time, so I got some linseed oil, and before I went to bed I bathed my head in it as I was directed. My father being an invalid, and having to have some member of the family hedge in his room, I was deployed to that duty. After I went to bed, having first applied the linseed oil, my father said to me, "My son, what is it that smells so of linseed oil?"

I said inquisitorily, "Is it not the paint?"

This seemed to impress him as possibly the right explanation, and he replied, "I guess it is."

Once or twice in the night he woke up,

and said to me, "There is no strong smell of linseed oil, it seems as though there must be some of it in the room."

I got through the night, however, and in the morning when I got up I put my hand upon my head and my hair was glazed to gather as tight and as smooth as the surface of a glass bottle. Instantly I knew that Eben had played a trick on me. I determined if I could to hinder him from

knowing of his success, so as I was an early riser, I went into the kitchen and got some hot water, and went to the sink, and I took some soft soap, rubbed it all over my head, and, after a deal of labor, I softened the glazed oil, and gradually washed it out of my hair. I succeeded in getting it clean before anybody else was up in the house. So when Eben arose and came down stairs, he looked at me, and said, "Jim, how is your hair this morning?"

I said, "I never knew it so soft. I am so glad you told me about it. I am going to keep putting it on until I succeed, if I can, in making my hair as glossy as yours."

"That is right," said he. "Put it on every night, and you will find that after awhile you will have your reward;" and I saw the humor in the sly twinkle of his eye. Whether he suspected I had found him out or not I could not tell. But I went about as if nothing had happened, waiting for my turn, which came before a great while.

In those days everybody drank some sort of spirituous liquor. My father had the practice of having his men take their bitters three times a day, always just before their meals. His bitters were made of whiskey, with tanin in it, or with a weed which popularly, in our region, went by the name of "Orange bitters," or, with some, bitter bark, or bitter gum, which he got out of a drug store. This beverage was put into a stout, blue junk-bottle, which was set upon the table with a wine glass by it, and each man helped himself to as much as he wanted to drink before he sat down to his meal. Eben Clark was not generally a drinker, but occasionally he would drink. One morning, not long after my linseed oil operation, as I was dressing myself in my father's room, I heard the steps of a person coming down the kitchen stairs. I opened the door into the kitchen and saw it was Eben. He began to move about, and, seeing me, beckoned to me. I came to him, and he said, "Where is the whiskey bottle?"

I said, "In the pantry, on the shelf where we always keep it."

Said he, "I must have a drink; I do not feel well."

I said nothing. He turned and went to the pantry, and I followed him. There happened to be, to my knowledge, standing on the same shelf, and close by the whiskey bottle, a bottle of spirits of turpentine. In his haste to get a drink he did not stop to smell, and thus distinguished between the two, but pulled the cork and put the bottle to his lips and began to drink. As long as he was swallowing he did not taste the difference, so he took two or three good swallows. I should have warned him had I known the danger, but I only thought that when he came to smack his lips he would be disgusted with his drink, and then I calculated to play off on him. When he brought his lips together, so as to acquire actively the sense of taste, he turned and looked at me, and said,

"What is in heaven's name, have I been drinking?"

"Bee, you have been drinking linseed oil. If you drink it every morning, for a week or two, it will make your hair as glossy as mine."

"Good Lord! Jim," said he, "I've been drinking spirits of turpentine, and it will kill me. Go ask your father what I shall do."

This frightened me a little and I ran to my father and told him that Eben had been drinking out of the spirits of turpentine bottle. With the coolness that always characterized him he said,

"Run and tell him to put some mustard from the cruet into a teacup and pour some hot water upon it from the tea-kettle and drink it as quickly as he can."

The door was open and Eben heard him. Out came the mustard into the teacup, out came the water into a teacup, round went his spoon and top of his turpentine he took a good mustard emetic. It had scarcely touched his stomach before reaction came, and he ran to the outside door and vomited severely. This probably saved his life. He had drunk at least a gill to a gill and a half of turpentine. As it was, it made him sick for a fortnight, acting like a most powerful diuretic upon him. After it was all over with, I met him. Even in his anger there was always a vein of humor. Taking me by the collar he said, "Jim, you little scamp, why didn't you stop me when I drank that turpentine? It might have killed me."

I said "Jim, how should I know, who am nothing but a boy, more of the effects of turpentine than you do, who are a man? I didn't think it would hurt you. I only thought I would have a good joke on you. I had been thinking for a whole week now I could pay you off for your linseed oil joke on me."

Said he, "Jim, how was your hair in the morning when you got up?"

Said I, "It was as smooth as a glass bottle, Ben," and he sat back and laughed as hard as he could laugh. I joined with him. When he stopped laughing I said to him,

"Jim, how was your stomach when you got the turpentine down, and the mustard on top of it?" He laid back and laughed again, then called me to him and said,

"Let us be friends, better than ever. I will not play another practical joke on you, and you never stand by and let me play another such practical joke on myself."—*Laws of Life*.

Transplanting Evergreens.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* asks, "When is the best time to set out evergreen trees?" A few years since I transplanted a lot of pines about the first of May. The work was done with considerable care, but the trees all died.

The best time to transplant evergreens is just as the buds begin to swell and to put forth, which is later considerably than with most deciduous trees. Midsummer is the period of most rapid growth of the pines and the conifers generally, and if you could be sure of a spell of rainy weather at that season, it would be decidedly the best time, but if the transplanting is done then and a dry and hot time follows, no amount of watering seems to suit their case. We have therefore fixed upon the time when the buds begin to swell, because at that time the trees when set out start at once into active growth, sending out fibrous roots, and as soon as these shoot out the tree is safe. It will not do to set them out while the fibrous roots are in a state of inactivity, as is the case in early spring. They will be likely to perish. In this respect they differ from the class of deciduous trees. Their tenacity of life is less, undoubtedly, than in the deciduous trees, so that greater care is required in the operation of transplanting, to keep the roots fresh and moist while they are out of the ground. They must be kept moist, and hence it is best to select a dryish time near the last of May or early in June.

It is best also in taking them up to save as many of the fibrous roots as possible. They depend on them for an immediate active growth, more than upon the large tap root. Towards the end of May the soil has become a little warmed, so that as soon as you see signs of activity in the buds you may know it is time to begin. You cannot transplant these trees in the fall as you can others. Avoid the fall and the very early spring.

Marriage.

If a man now-a-days does not marry young, he is likely not to marry at all, because the older he grows, the more widely diverge his ideas from those of womanhood, the greater violence must marriage do to his habits, and the less tractable he becomes to the harness. It is just possible, however, that the antagonisms which so largely prevent marriage may be a wise order of Nature. If matrimony were a smooth primrose-path of ease and pleasure, and no repulsions existed to keep men and women apart, everybody would marry, and the result of this would be an alarming increase of the population.

Darwin, in his last work, enters into a calculation to show that a people of twenty-five millions, which should multiply at a rate of increase of that would double the population every twenty-five years, would in a little over six hundred years become so numerous that the entire earth's surface would only afford a square yard of ground for every four persons. It will not do, obviously, for everybody to hasten to the altar. Those who for any reason remain celibates may congratulate themselves that their chance for happiness has been at least even; for the Greek philosopher tells us that, whether a man marries or not, he is sure to regret it; and Talleyrand, taking the other view of the matter, congratulated a bachelor as a lucky fellow, and a Benedict as a happy dog.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON is well known in this country as the English minister resident, and no man connected with the foreign legations is more respected and beloved by our people. He came here an untitled man, having served for many years in various diplomatic positions in different parts of the world. At the time Prince Arthur was in this country he came more immediately under the eye of his Sovereign, and she was so pleased with the treatment of her son, and remembering at the same time her great obligations to him as a subject, that she obliged him, and now we have in the place of plain Mr. Thornton, "Sir Edward," and he will become the title, not that he is any different from plain Mr. Thornton, for Nature made him a nobleman in the beginning, but the Queen, with her poor eyes, could not see it until a royal spring was a guest under his hospitable roof. After all, the Queen only loaned him a title. It is buried when Sir Edward becomes ashes. His boy will be plain Mr. Thornton, and all the better for that. Minister Thornton, like the late Sir Frederic Bruce, has a most distinguished personal presence, owing to his majestic height and graceful manners. He retains that exquisite purity of complexion for which the English belles are celebrated, and our American climate, so conducive to parchment and wrinkles, labors upon his handsome face in vain.

AGRICULTURAL.

Charcoal in the Dairy.

The power of milk to absorb the noxious gases and odors from the atmosphere is known to every dairyman, and this power extends also to all productions made from milk, be they cream, butter or cheese. Much of the bad flavor in butter and cheese is not caused so much by anything derived from the cow, or the food which she eats, as by the odors imparted either to the milk after it is drawn, or to the cheese after it is made, and before it is put in the cloth and rendered impervious to atmospheric influences. Hence the necessity of the greatest efforts being made, not only to keep the dairy and every utensil used, in a state of perfect cleanliness, but also the attendants should be in every way cleanly in person, and the air kept pure and uncontaminated by any odors whatever. To do this, charcoal, finely powdered, is probably the best and cheapest article that can be used. It is capable, when fresh, of absorbing ninety times its own volume of ammonia or other gases, which can again be driven out of the charcoal by the application of heat. How much charcoal is necessary, and where it can best be placed in the dairy, so as to absorb all noxious gases, are points yet to be established.

ed by experience, and we only throw out the idea in order that dairymen may make a note of